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All kinds of Plain and Ornamental Printing in modern style, and on short notice.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.
Having received my diploma, I will forthwith call in the line of my profession.

THOMAS H. McLEOD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Solicitor in Chancery,
AND CLAIM AGENT.
Office at his residence, West and the Bridge, Middlebury, VT.

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Watchmaker and Jeweler,
BREWSTER'S BLOCK, MIDDLEBURY, VT.
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
CLOCKS OF ALL KINDS,
FINE GOLD & PLATED JEWELRY,
AIR JEWELRY OF ALL KINDS,
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SPECTACLES of every description, FANCY GOODS, Violin Strings, Bow, Keys, &c., Fishing Tackle, Revolvers, Cartridges, &c.

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AGENTS FOR
MUTUAL
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Office Hours from 9 to 11 A.M.

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Office Hours, from 7 to 9 A. M.; 12 to 1, and from 6 to 8 P. M.

JOSEPH BATELL,
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Dealer in every kind of
IMPROVED STOCK.
November 6th, 1867.

O. S. DICKINSON,
WATCHES and Fine Jewelry, Silver and
Plated Wares of every description.
Next door to the Post Office,
N. B.—All kinds of Job Work done to order.
Middlebury, May 10, 1866.

H. W. CLARK,
Attorney & Counselor-at-Law
Solicitor in Chancery
Particular attention paid to bankruptcy.
Relief to insolvents and protection
to Creditors.
Middlebury, Vt., Jan. 8th, A. D., 1866.

M. H. EDDY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.
Office in Brewster's Block, over Simmons & Co.'s Book Store.

J. H. SIMMONS & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Books, Stationery, Artists' Materials,
Magazines, Newspapers, Pictures,
and Picture Frames.
BREWSTER'S BLOCK, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

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Attorneys & Counselors at Law,
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J. W. STEWART, J. C. ELDREDGE.

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MIDDLEBURY, VT.

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MIDDLEBURY, VT.

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MIDDLEBURY, VT.
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

Parties desiring to sell or purchase real estate will find it for their advantage to call on L. E. CLARK, who has already received desirable dwelling houses and lots at our disposal which we shall be happy to show purchasers.
L. E. CLARK, Real Estate Agent,
Register Office, 151 Law Office, Main St.

J. S. BUSHNELL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
At Office of L. D. Edgell, Esq., formerly occupied by P. State,
Middlebury, Vt., March 26th 1864.

VERMONTERS, at home and abroad,
should send for the Catalogue of 500 Stereoscopic Views of Vermont Scenery, to A. E. Service, Burlington, Vt.

NEW GRASS AND FEED STORE.
The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand
OATS,
CORN,
FLOUR,
BRAN,
MIXED FEEDS,
OIL MEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
INDIAN MEAL,
FLOUR OF RYE,
And various other articles. Will sell at small margin from cost, for cash.
V. V. CLAY,
Middlebury, April 17th, 1866.

BURR & BURTON SEMINARY
MANCHESTER.
The Academic year is divided into Three Terms. The First Term commences Wednesday, Sept. 10th, 1867.
Rev. RUSSELL HARRIS, Jr., Principal and
Teacher of Classical Department.
Miss RUTH M. CLARK, Preceptor.
Tuition from \$6 to \$8 per Term.
Room Rent and Incidentals, \$4.
Board per week, \$3.75.
Young men having the military in view may receive material aid from the Burr fund.
Circulars sent, on application to clerk.
Manchester, 1867.

IMPORTANT TO PURCHASERS
We have Real Estate at our disposal, to the value of about \$125,000, consisting of Farm, Dwelling, House and Lot, shops, &c., &c., mostly located in Addison County, and some in the Village of Middlebury. We should be happy to show property to purchasers, and are confident, we have a variety which will suit almost any one.
KNAPP & CLARK,
Middlebury, Vt., August 6th, 1867.

Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXII

MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1867.

NO 31.

POETRY.

[From the New York Ledger.]
How the Raven Became Black.

A LECTURE TO TALES-READERS.

There's a clever classic story,
Such as poets used to write,
(You may find the tale in Ovid,)
That the raven was once white.

White as yonder swan sailing
At this moment in the most,
Till the bird for misbehavior,
Lost one day his snowy coat.

"Raven white," was once the saying,
Till an accident there fell;
Spotted its mean raven, and there fell
It was changed to "Raven-black."

Shall I tell you how it happened
That the change was brought about?
Till the story of Ovid,
And you'll find the secret out.

Young Corolla, fairest maiden
Of Thessalia's girlish train,
Whom Apollo loved and courted,
Loved and courted not in vain.

Filleted with another lover
(So at least the tale goes)
And was wont to meet him stily
Underneath the blushing rose.

Who upon the bird of Phœbus,
Went in haste unto his master;
Went and told him all he knew;
And he was changed to "Raven-black."

Tell him how the dear Corolla,
Fame and fate less as could be,
Plainly loved another fellow—
If he doubted come and see!

Whereupon Apollo, angry
Thus to find himself betrayed,
With his silver bow and arrow
Went and shot the wretched maid!

Now when he perceived her fall,
(He was a rick to the heart,
And to cry her mortal bleeding,
Tried his famous healing art.)

But in vain; the god of Physic
Had no power to heal her fall;
He who took her of so delfly
Could not bring her back!

Angry with himself Apollo
Yet more angry with his bird,
For a moment stood in silence,
Intent to speak a word.

Then he turned upon the Raven,
"Wretched creature! see thy fate!
Messenger of mine no longer,
Go to—serves with thy mate."

Every Plute with thy tattle,
Fither, mouster come not back;
And to notch thy disposition—
Henceforth be thy plume black!"

MORAL.
When you're tempted to make mischief,
It is best to refrain;
People are not apt to fancy
Learners of unbecoming news.

SECOND MORAL.
Something of the pitch you handle
On your fingers will remain;
As the even's tale of darkness
Gave the bird a lasting stain.

J. W. CLARK.

Life in Constantinople as it is.

The former metropolis of the East Roman and of the first Christian Empire, from which Christianity decreed reformation to the unbelieved Old World, but which was subsequently by inflexible Rome, sentenced to bear the yoke of Mahomedanism, is lately beginning, under the fostering care of the Christian Occident, to rise regenerated, like a Phoenix from her ashes, and Christened Pera and Galata, surrounded as they are by an endless sea of Turkish habitations, with their European elements, their foreign embassies, consulates, clerical and other civilized institutions—with their palaces and imposing edifices, and all their multitudes throng and bustle, resemble a jewel set in a golden ring, the always sparkling inner side of which forms as it were, the living soul of the whole—the nucleus being these two specifically European "home-steads"—From them a new and life-giving spirit, and with it reformation, spread over all Byzantium. It was this spirit, that called into life the forty places of the Sultans and their sumptuous mansions—the palaces of the Sublime Porte—those of the ministries—the non-rous and spacious barracks, in fact all that modern Islam is creating. The same spirit it was, that gave rise to the grand plan, looking to the organization of the whole vast city, and which is approaching nearer and nearer its completion with every configuration. The Turkish Government pursues this plan so zealously, that its subjects actually accuse it of being the direct cause of these frequent configurations, in order to be enabled, by their means, to organize and rebuild the city. The Turks originally built their houses of light bricks and clay on the old site, in imitation of the Arabs—and even their rich men followed this custom. Nowadays, under the hands of the Europeans, palaces of marble and stone rise in their places. In the old city, the city proper of the Constantinians, a number of magnificent structures of stone, even palaces dating back to the old Roman-Greek times, have been preserved, indeed—but Europeans worked their way into them, and the Government rents these buildings to the foreigners for offices and storehouses at a moderate rate. For Turks were not allowed formerly to build stone houses or to live in them.

Not only the exterior appearance of the city but her inner life, also, has changed very much. Europeans now enter Turkish mosques freely, and the Turks enter Christian churches unhesitatingly, occasionally even, were it only from curiosity, attending service. Turkish women, formerly so carefully hidden from the world's gaze, now a days are constantly seen in the streets among the throng of European women, but, unfortunately, do still retain their abominable costume—the woman of the Orient still continues to cover her face, excepting only the eyes,

and it only under a transparent gauze, and generally throws over her costly European garments and her jewels a hideous looking cloak of plain colored silk, without fit or shape, which resembles a bag more than anything else, and gives her the appearance of a walking specter! Even the women of the higher, nay of the high-st orders, may be seen proming in similar attire. It seems as though the Turkish woman felt ashamed at not possessing the idyllic which civilized life gives to a European woman. Her girlish, heavy with diamonds, rubies and emeralds, does not outweigh the "girlish" of her dress and her "European" woman, and hence are irresistibly attracted to the Europeans and become their slaves. This surprising change could not but remind the Turkish woman of the great chasm which separates her from the woman of the Occident, and cause her to invent means of fathoming the inborn magic and charms of the latter. She herself decried by the Europeans—on the other hand, she cannot but regard them as her deliverers, and hence their superiority does not incite a feeling of jealousy or revenge, but on the contrary one of admiration, nay, of love and adoration. It is very interesting, to no time with what curiosity the Turkish women look upon our ladies. I have witnessed, during the festival of Bâram, that act of state which the elegant Turkish ladies attend in their carriages, these Oriental ladies' European ladies to sit with them, overlooking them, with admiring demonstrations, offering them seats in their carriages, and insisting upon their driving to their homes with them. The European women appear to them exactly beings; everything about them is new and attractive to the Oriental, and calls forth her interest and admiration. It is no rare thing to see Turkish women in front of the warehouses at Pera, requesting of European ladies permission to examine their dress closely and to kiss them.

The younger female children of the Turkish nobility are indeed being educated either at home by Christian teachers, both male and female, or in European private educational institutions, nay, even in our universities. But European life and civilization is not, therefore, easily assimilated. It needs to be ingrained formed by surroundings and fostered from childhood up. No wonder, then, that European women form an article of traffic, and are regularly imported into Turkey.

There are many traders who constantly travel in Europe, chiefly in Austria, and under various pretexts, of course, and in a hundred ways to travel into Turkey with them. Among others a captain of one of the Lloyd steamers running to Alexandria made a strange discovery not long ago. On the third day out he saw a young and beautiful girl on deck, whom he had not noticed before. On inquiry, he learned from her, that she, together with two other girls, was travelling companion to a rich Countess, who, with her husband, lived in the Orient, and, longing for European society, had prevailed upon the parents of these girls to contrast their children to the Countess's care. The captain, on having this fact rather unobtrusively, perfectly sure that he had no such countess among his passengers. On arriving at Alexandria he inquired more closely into the matter, and caused the Austrian consul there to take charge of the whole party; the three belated children were promptly sent home, and the Countess and her companions, who kept a house of ill repute in Alexandria and traded in human flesh, were arrested. After the last Anglo-Chinese war I met a similar couple, who had made some money in furnishing provisions, &c., for the army, travelling on the lower Danube, offering for sale Chinese and East India goods, for women's wear; the goods were exhibited in the best hotels, and by enticing advertisements the multiplication of the community were invited to purchase. In this manner the couple had a chance of making their selection of pretty women, and the latter were at once engaged by the agents of the house. In one of the towns, where these agents had been altogether too bold, a serious conflict took place which could only be quelled by their flight. In this and similar ways are the Turkish houses provided with European women; most of the latter, however, are sent for under the pretext of serving in military stores, public restaurants, &c., and many of them have made their fortune and become good and happy housewives. For even among male Christians they are much sought after, because most of these men arrive here in a state of single blessedness, and later on have no chance of marrying. To travel back to Europe for a wife is too troublesome, and in many instances impracticable; moreover, what women would easily consent to put up with the privations of Oriental life? If I refer in this article to women chiefly, it is because upon their social position depend the culture and the future of the people, to whom they belong, because when the Orient is spoken of, woman necessarily stands first on the list of questions, and lastly, because it is interesting to know the ways and means by which Islamism is slowly but constantly being reformed.

Although Constantinople is crowded with people of all nations and the most infinite variety of costumes, yet is the European dress generally the prevailing one, especially in the higher ranks of society—and Christians, including Greeks and Armenians, from about one-half of the entire population—the Greeks alone numbering about 250,000 souls. Of Europeans, the Germans, French, Italians and English, and among these again, the Germans are the most numerous. This European part of the community moves in perfect freedom, and conflicts between

it and the Mahomedans occur very rarely if ever; even as regards the ritual of the church, each denomination holds its own peculiar processions and festivals, with all the traditional splendor, in the streets of Pera and Galata, without the least hindrance or any trouble caused by intolerance. Fanatical Derwishes quietly look at all the pomp, and do not appear scandalized when Christians appear in their mosques to see their religious dances and to listen to their cantilena like howls. The Greeks, the most turbulent people on the face of the earth, and the Maltese, despised all over the Levant, brought Constantinople into discredit. The facility of buying a "bravo" for one opiate, unfettered the passions and put an end to all personal security. It happened too frequently that persons were killed in broad daylight, in frequented streets, by a shot from a pistol or a stab with a knife. This security, however, was gradually disappearing. The former Minister of Police, a highly respected Samiye, by the energy and prudence of his measures has freed the city of all the Greek thieves, burglars and murderers who pilled their unholy profession in it, taking shelter in the adjacent islands. He caused the criminals that were caught, no matter of what nation, to be closely imprisoned, and whenever he had about two hundred of them together, he ordered them to be put in boats in the night and had them drowned in the White Sea, near the Prince's Islands. The inquiring family and friends were simply told, that they had been scolded from prison.

A perfect peace reigned in the streets, that were still at liberty—they became exceedingly cautious and difficult to catch. In order to eradicate the crying evil still more effectively, the minister issued a notice, to the effect, that at and from a certain time no government passes would be allowed to go to Alexandria. The reason was found their profession sully crippled in Constantinople, and hence for their safety and best, sized the opportunity to offer to leave for Alexandria, the latter the better—Alexandria, next to Constantinople, being the most promising field of action. To Alexandria the minister wrote at the same time, informing the authorities of what he had done, and requesting them to send the stamps at the slightest provocation to the sulphur mines of Egypt—a doom equivalent to a sentence of death.

Ever since there are fewer crimes committed in Constantinople than in any other large city in Europe, and persons can safely pass even at night, through the most deserted streets and lanes of the city. Europeans, however, have nothing to fear in the parts chiefly inhabited by Mahomedans, even though they be entirely alone. Another terrible plague, the dogs which—so it is said—drive the inhabitants of Alexandria—threatened to drive away the population of Constantinople, has also most fortunately disappeared, and nothing more is to be seen of the once proverbial dirt and filth of the streets. In fact, whoever has not seen Constantinople for some years, would hardly recognize the city in her greatly changed and much improved condition.

The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German:

Tolerance, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said gentle Eudalia, to him one day, when he bade her in company with her brother, to visit the venerable Leontis, "dear father you must think us very child-like, if you imagine we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead cod from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter, "It will not burn you, my child, take it."

Eudalia did so, and behold! her delicate white hand was scalded and blackened, and as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eudalia, in vexation.

"Yes truly said her father; 'you see my child, that coals even if they do not burn blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious.'"

The November number of the Atlantic Monthly is full of good things. "The German Angel," by Dr. Holmes, advances to a new period, and becomes more interesting. A Philo-Kapp poem, also by him, is clever and ingenious. The second part of "The Rose Holler," (said to be by a Philadelphia physician) are good. "Base Brains" is a pleasant paper on the habits of authors, and there are good things in the "Opinions of Dr. Nott." Prof. Lowell, in "A Great Public Character," gives an excellent essay on the late Josiah Quincy. "The Conspiracy at Washington" gives a severe but just account of President Johnson's wicked and silly proceedings. Mr. Robert P. Nevins contributes a very readable article on the late "Stephen C. Foster and Negro Ministry." There is a touching poem, called "The Children at Home." Several shorter articles and the literary notices keep up well the character of the Atlantic.

EVERY SATURDAY, for October 26, is specially attractive for its charming story of "Little Red Riding Hood," by Miss Thackeray. The story is given complete and is marked by all those felicities of thought and style which have made Miss Thackeray so popular with all intelligent readers. She is manifestly worthy to inherit her father's name. This number of "The Saturday Review," besides interesting sketches of "Charles Baudelaire" and Dr. Veitman, recently deceased; a real life account of "The First Use of Gas in London," and other good things.

Release from an Engagement.

A fellow appeared before a Chicago judge to complain of 2 big brothers of a girl to whom he had engaged himself while drunk from whom he feared bodily damage. The following is his story:—"Until a week ago, your honor, I was engaged to be married to S. J., the sister of the prisoners. I will not speak ill of her, though we are enemies now, for it was to the engagement that I took the pledge and am a sober man. You see I was drunk when I proposed and was not sober. That showed me to what liquor could bring a man and I at once took the pledge. I was engaged to her but three months and during that time I did my duty. I visited her daily, took her to places of amusements and told her sweet lies. In fact I did everything required, except to name the marriage day. In that I procrastinated, I told her she did not know me well enough yet, and that the weather was too warm, that she had better wait until the cholera season was over, but it did no good. She insisted that she should be married at once, she had sworn that she would be married before Mary B., and she would be, I became desperate. I had no intention of marrying her or any one else. I knew what matrimony is; I have been whipped by my father because my mother happened to care me. Not knowing what else to do I pretended to be drunk when visiting Sally eight days ago. She had some friends with her in the parlor, and that pleased me. I kissed her and tried to kiss them male and female. Then I told her in a honey-suckle way that I had been unable to get the false hair and polypating bosom she had which, that they cost too much. That did it. Indignant at this apparently having her dearest secret exposed to the young ladies and gentlemen there, she angrily told me to go; that I must never come near her again. Believe me I was so happy to hear it, that I left at once. I did not visit her, and in a few days, at her father's I got a note from her, telling me she was sick and would see me. Not being a doctor I stayed away. The next day I received a similar note; my answer was the same. Then I received a note telling me I was a false friend and a cruel wretch. That she had two brothers (I knew it) and that they would at once avenge her wounded honor and broken heart by beating me. I believed her, and I have carefully avoided the big brothers. I am a law-abiding young man and do not wish to fight. They have been to see me eight times already; I made the servant tell a lie—may God forgive me—and say I was out. But I know they will catch me and I shall not say so. To prevent that I had them arrested. I wish them bound away to keep the peace; they can also keep their sister Sally. They have said they will kill me."

Justice.—You were right to have them arrested. They must each give bonds in the sum of \$500 to keep the peace for you six years. Your conduct has been disgraceful. The name of my love was Sally, and no one shall go back on a girl of that name. You are fined \$15.

FRUITS, AND HOW THEY SHOULD BE EATEN.—A medical journal has some remarks on the subject of fruits which are, in some respects, at variance with views generally entertained, and are of interest to our readers. It says that fruits afford an endless supply of delicious and wholesome food, but as they are usually taken, they are less digestible and more prone to ferment in the stomach. The apple is one of the best of fruits, and when baked will agree with the most delicate stomachs, and is excellent in sickness. Pears are also good. Strawberries are a wholesome fruit, but they should not be eaten with ice cream. There is nothing more wholesome than watermelons.

IS IT A BOOK FOR EVERY MAN.
By Prof. H. R. Storer, M. D., is a companion volume to "Why Not? A Book for Every Woman," by the same author. It is a pamphlet of 175 pages, containing an able and careful survey of certain "Dilemma Subjects" usually shunned in literature and conversation. It contains eight articles with the following headings:—

It is not Good to be Alone; Marriage as a Sanitary Measure; How early in life is marriage to be advised? The rights of the husband; Are these rights absolute or reciprocal with duties? Should more instinct or reason be the rule? Arguments and counter arguments as to divorce; A plea for Woman; and an appendix, containing a Woman's view of "Why Not?"

These books can be obtained of the publishers, Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, free of postage, by remitting the price of each, 50 cts., by mail.

The November number of Our Young Folks, is well filled with excellent articles, and has a pretty colored illustration. The promise for 1868, is, however, most interesting, for it is announced that Dickens is engaged to write for it "A Holiday Romance," to be illustrated by John Gilbert. Miss Mulock has also been engaged as a contributor, besides many other popular writers of this country and England.

THE NUTRIMENT OF BEER.—People who drink their ale and beer are very fond of telling how much Nutrient they derive from them! Because they are manufactured from grain, many have the idea that the concentrated vitamins of the grain are in the drinks. This is entire fallacy. Prof. Liebig, one of the most eminent chemists in the world, ascertains that 1,450 quarts of best Bavaria beer contain exactly the nutriment of a two and a half pound loaf of bread! This beer is very similar to the famous English Allsopp and our more popular American beer. The fact is, the nutritious portion of the grain is not before the beer is made; and if fermentation of the beer has been complete, Prof. Lyon Playfair declares that no nutriment at whatever remains in the fermented liquor; and as the English Alliance News says, "No chemist now disputes this assertion; for except in flavor and amount of a hot, the chemical composition of all kinds of beer is alike, and brewers must look to beer doctors advising porter as more nourishing than beer, when porter is nothing more than beer colored by burnt malt; and often when beer goes wrong in making and is unsaleable as beer, it is converted into fine porter, the mere coloring covering many defects!"—The Nation.

Arrival of a Live Gorilla from Africa.

For the first time there is a live gorilla in New York—a gorilla like those of which Du Chaillu has told so many wonderful stories in "quatorial Africa" and "Ashango Land."

At a late hour yesterday afternoon there was an extraordinary excitement in the neighborhood of Barnum's Museum. The gorilla had arrived, and his roars attracted a crowd of spectators. The animal was caught in the interior of Africa and was put safely on board the sailing ship "Hartley" and conveyed to this port. The box in which it was caged during the voyage was made of teak wood plank—the toughest material that could be found in Africa. A huge iron chain, fastened to the neck of the gorilla, passed this box and was nailed fast to the outside.

From the jarring the gorilla received yesterday during its transportation from the ship to the Museum it became excited, and growled furiously during the trip. After the box had been taken to the Museum, Mr. Charles Brothwell, the Museum carpenter, loosened the chain from the outside of the box and by direction of Professor Davidson, attached a rope, by which the animal was to be led from the box to the cage, by running the rope through the bottom of the cage and then fastening the end to a beam of the building beneath the cage.

The rope was attached when the gorilla began pulling in the chain. Professor Davidson and Mr. Brothwell both grasped the rope, but their united efforts were unequal to the task. The animal with apparent ease pulled his box with chain and rope, and untying the rope from the chain dropped it from a hole in the cage.

Mr. Brothwell then got a large eagle-serpent in the building—a huge wrought iron bar an inch and three quarters thick to which was attached a small spade for the purpose of bringing out the end of the chain. The animal had been seen successfully in several attempts to break the establishment, which had vainly tried to make an impression upon it with their jaws.

Mr. Brothwell and Professor Davidson each took a scapula and from opposite ends of the cage endeavored to foil the gorilla, and grasp the end of the chain. Finally the gorilla seized the bar which Mr. Brothwell held. Another man, who is noted for his muscular strength, came to the scene, but it was in vain I proved their superiority, and bent the heavy piece of iron down, so that the ends touched.

During this effort the chain was secured and the box was put to the cage, the animal entrapped, and his chain secured to the beams underneath.

All the beasts in the building became excited, and the place resounded with their cries. Women fainted and children cried, but the crowd would not leave the room.

A large barricade was put up by force. The gorilla was now safely in the lion's cage and calmed down. An immense crowd, with a resistant force of six thousand pounds, is attached to the animal.

For five years past Mr. Barnum has been endeavoring to secure an animal of this species, an ordered his agent in Africa to secure one without regard to cost.

Mr. R. F. Blayton, Mr. Barnum's agent, a few months since wrote that he could secure one for \$8,000, but that the British Government were making every exertion to secure it for the Zoological Garden in London. Mr. Barnum said word that he must have this one if it cost a much greater sum. Accordingly, the gorilla was brought to America, is now safe at the Museum.

When standing upright it is about five and a half feet in height, and is about the color of an elephant. Its face has more the appearance of a human being. Its hands are as delicate as a woman's, and it is not so much muscular power. This morning it exhibited an intense hatred of Mr. Brothwell; who was yesterday instrumental in its capture.

Professor Davidson feels the animal upon vermin, but allows nothing of it to be put in the cage. If the gorilla becomes irritable it is soon quieted by placing a few cloths or nutmegs in its cage.

The Governors of Vermont—12

From the Rutland Herald.
SILAS H. JENISON.

Silas Heminway Jenison, the twelfth Governor of Vermont, was the first native of the State who filled that office, and was the only Lieutenant Governor who has been called upon to discharge the duties thereof, by reason of a vacancy in the office of Governor.

He was the son of Levi and Ruth (Hemenway) Jenison, and was born in Shoreham in the county of Addison, on the 17th day of May, 1791. When scarcely a year old, his father died, and he was left to the care of his mother "the only son of his mother and she a widow." She was a woman of remarkable energy, industry and judgment—to her watchful care and prudence may be ascribed that early training which so well fitted her son for the future duties of life. In early life he was devoted on him the care of his mother's farm, and it was only during the winter months that he had even the benefit of a common school education. How well he employed the few months may be seen from his future life.

In 1820, '27, '28, '29 and '30, he represented his native town in the Legislature of Vermont and also in the Constitutional Convention of 1843. Although several important amendments to the Constitution had been proposed to this Convention by the Council of Censors they were all rejected by decisive majorities.

In 1829 he was elected assistant Judge of the Addison county court and received six successive annual elections to this office, and in 1841 he was elected Judge of Probate for the Addison Probate District and was re-elected in 1842, '43, '44, '45 and '46.

In 1832, he was elected one of the Councilors of the State, and continued as such three years and till his election as Lieutenant Governor.

In the election of 1835 he was the candidate of the Anti-Masonic Party for the office of Lieutenant Governor, and was elected by a large majority of the popular vote—but so nearly were the parties balanced, that there was no election of Governor by the people—and after balloting almost daily in joint assembly for more than three weeks, without effecting any result the joint assembly was dissolved, and Silas H. Jenison, being Lieutenant Governor, became the acting Governor.

The next year he was elected Governor, and was re-elected by constantly increasing majorities, in 1837, '38 and '39—and in 1840 he received a majority of over ten thousand votes.

The importance of the measures that were adopted, and the events that were transpiring around, renders his administration one of the most eventful periods in the history of this State. It was during this period that occurred the great commercial crisis of 1837, concerning which he thus speaks:—"Believing the unwise and unauthorized measures of the late executive of the general government to have been the primary cause of producing the disastrous state of our monetary affairs, I could not flatter myself that any State legislation could cure the evil. To the General Government we must look for a remedy commensurate with the evil. It was in October, 1837, that was commenced the "Patriot War" in Canada. The sympathies of the people of Vermont were warmly enlisted in behalf of the Canadians, and manifested itself—in public meetings—and in inflammatory speeches and incendiary resolutions—and in collecting together men and arms on the frontiers—but Governor Jenison was equal to emergency. He issued his Proclamation warning the inhabitants of this State of the perils to which they would be exposed by the laws of the land—if they should in their zeal, violate that neutrality established by Congress or any acts inconsistent with the treaty relations existing between the United States and Great Britain. This Proclamation met with almost universal assent and commendation from the entire press and people of the State, but the Governor's "relying upon the intelligence and candor of the people, and convictions of the purity of his intentions, did not fear the result" and was prepared to sustain his views, when the returning reason of the people prevented the resort to ulterior measures. To the firmness, ability and integrity of Governor Jenison, we were without doubt in a great measure indebted, for the preservation of friendly relations between this country and England.

During his administration the Senate was established as a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature—imprisonment for debt was abolished—the only general revision of our laws since 1792 was made, the State House at Montpelier was completed and a general banking law was enacted.

In his message to the General Assembly in 1840 he declined a re-election and assigned as his reason that he had always esteemed "that distinguished feature in democratic government, rotation in office, one of the most efficient safeguards of the purity of our institutions."

"In person he was tall, stoutly built, with a large, well formed head, manners unaffected and pleasing, easy in conversation; but through distrust of his own powers, or extreme caution, he never engaged in public debate. If he possessed little of the brilliancy of genius, he had what is no less valuable,—great prudence, a correct, though not highly cultivated taste, and what contributed most to his advancement in public life, facility and accuracy in the transaction of business, and general knowledge of matters pertaining to civil government, and its administration."

Governor Jenison, after a protracted illness, died at his residence in his native town on the 30th day of September, 1849 in the 58th year of his age.

Woman's Rights, by Rev. John Todd, D. D., author of "Sermons in the Doves' Nest," is a neat pamphlet on the great Question of the Day. It contains articles on Equality of the Sexes, Woman's Sphere, What her "Rights" are, Dress, Voting, Wages, Abolition of the Country, Woman's Education, &c. Either of these popular works of Dr. Todd sent post-paid on receipt of the price 15 cents, by the publishers, Lee & Shepard, Boston.